

G, and H. However, its watery fingers faltered as they reached the N, and in haste stuck the A after the H instead. The skipped N remained crooked to the right of the A. Thus, Meghna became Meghan. A few of the merchants seemed to notice this slip-up and debated whether or not they should question this oversight, but the mutual uproar of disbelief at what they had just witnessed drowned out the sound of their speechless protests. And so the letters remained the same, but the word changed. A legend was birthed. A tale to tell was formed.

This tale, unfortunately or undeniably, was one of those tales that are soon forgotten, just for the origin of the occurrence to be considered as something worth investigating. Just for a little kid to picture a vivid retelling of the incident molded by the pop culture and fictional tales that their impressionable mind is subject to on a regular basis.

Rondeau. All that there is

Carmen G. Farrell

Rumination by Belle Villar

In translation, where did they go?
Boarded a ship, no books to stow.
No words to scribe, no way to see
their feelings, landing at the quay.
Schooling not part of their cargo.

Its old-fashioned language, although
hard to decrypt, penned long ago:
Land transfer tracts of the prairie.
Found in translation.

Historical papers don't show
ancestors' work, hearts all aglow,
what their motivation might be,
building the true north, strong and free.
Treaty 4 lands, what did they know?
Lost in translation.

